







THE SOCIETY  
OF THE

Golden Fleece.

G. C. Bowers, President.

MISS AGGIE M. BUEL,

VICE PRESIDENT.

MARY McDUGALL.

SECRETARY

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

J. R. SEVERANCE.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE.

MISS ELLEN E. PETTIBONE.

FRED. W. FAIRFIELD.

PLACE OF MEETING, 101 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

HOUR OF MEETING, 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES FOR APRIL 26, 1869,

## PART FIRST.

## CALLING OF THE ROLL.

PRAYER.

READING OF THE RECORD.....Miss M. McDOUGALL.

MUSIC.

ESSAY.....O. C. McCULLOCH

POEM.....C. A. RICHARDSON.

IMPROMPTU ORATIONS ..... { ALVA HURD.  
W. H. REDINGTON.

MUSIC.

SOCIETY PAPER.

EDITRESS.....Miss ANNIE MILLER.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Miss E. GILLETTE.  
FRED. POWERS.

Miss M. MERRIMAN.  
Miss JENNIE HAMMOND.

RECESS.



## PART SECOND.

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MUSIC.

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### “The Spirit of ’76.”

#### CHARACTERS.

TOM CARBERRY.....P. F. PETTIBONE.  
MR. WIGFALL.....H. W. FOWLER.  
WOLVERINE GRIFFIN.....Miss E. L. FOWLER.  
MRS. BADGER.....Mrs. G. C. BOWERS  
VICTORINE.....Miss CELIA FLAGG.  
JUDGE.....Miss FANNIE McCULLOCH.

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MUSIC.

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### Valedictory by the President.

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SOCIETY SONG.





# Society Song.

By H. S. OSBORNE.

JUNE.—"AULD LANG SYNE."

We meet with pleasant memories  
Of friendly concourse here;  
And though we part, their influence  
Shall go with us elsewhere.  
But ere we go, we'll sing one song  
Of friendship for the past,  
And the hope that in the future, long  
These happy scenes shall last.

This anxious life is full of strife,  
And thick with thorns is strewn;  
Care builds her nest in every breast,  
And Age comes oversoon.  
But Golden Fleece, thy scenes shall go,  
Like happy dreams of home,  
To gild, with sweetest memories,  
The hours of care to come.

With wistful grasp, we press the hand,  
And sing the parting strain;  
But the heart still lingers with the scene,  
And lives it o'er again.  
Oh, Golden Fleece, dear Golden Fleece,  
Thy name and power shall live!  
To many an hour thy influence  
Its sweetest charm shall give.

The lot of some may lead them far,  
Nor bring them back again;  
But distance ne'er can break the tie  
Of friendship's magic chain.  
Oh, Golden Fleece! our fondest thoughts,  
What e'er our lot may be,  
In distant wild, or happiest home,  
Shall still return to thee.

RARE  
BK RM  
HS  
2725  
C4  
G653  
1869



